

LINES.

(Freely enlarged from Victor Hugo).
Like a tiny flash of lightning through the
darkness of the night,
Conceal her little laughing face, through the
shadows of my room,
And my forgetful way as it hovers her
battering tread,
While her prattling tongue tones chase the
thoughts from out my head.

She is queen and I her slave, one who loves
her and obeys,
For she rules her world of home with imperious
baby ways.

In she dances, calls me "Daddy" turns the
pages of my books,
Thence herself upon my knee, takes my pen
and scribbles words.

Makes disorder reign supreme, turns my papers
upside down,
Draws the curtains, signs, safe from fear of
any harm.

Crumples all my verses up, pleased to hear
the recording sound,
Makes them into balls and then flings them
all upon the ground.

Suddenly she sits away, leaving me alone
in my room,
With a warm heart and a brighter,
clearer brain.

And although the thoughts return that her
coming drove away,
The fond remembrance of her laugh lingers with
me through the day.

And it chances, as I write, I may take
a crumpled sheet,
On the which, she knows why, read my
faintest words.

A DECEPTION.

To this day I live in perpetual fear of
meeting him, indeed I am continually
haunted by the belief that he is scouring
the earth for me, thirsting for re-
venge and that is why I shun the
lights of men and live a solitary, se-
cluded life, only venturing out at dusk
and wearing a beard (which doesn't suit
me) and blue glasses (which I don't
need) as a means of disguise. Of course
it should never have happened. I admit
that. A word of explanation and all
would have been well, and I should not
now be living with the sword of Damocles
hanging over my head. But I let
the opportunity slip and plunged myself
into an intrigue which may yet end in
disaster.

It began with a very simple mistake on
my part. I was lounging on the pier
at Easton one fine morning in Septem-
ber, listening to the grand selection
from "The Bohemian Girl" (they play
this every day at Easton) and watching
the promenaders, when my eyes fell on
a young lady who was sitting in a quiet
corner reading a novel. I could not see
her face, for it was hidden by a crimson
parasol, but her general appearance at
once told me that it was Miss Beresford,
one of the prettiest girls I know, and
inwardly congratulating myself, I rose
and camest to her.

So absorbed was she in her book that
she did not notice my approach, and to
attract her attention (I knew her very
well) I playfully tapped the sunshade
with my paper. She looked up in a mo-
ment, and then, to my horror, I saw I
had made a mistake—it was not Flo-
ring a stranger.

I stood paralyzed, trying to frame an
apology, but before I could get the
words out I was amazed to see a lovely
smile of evident recognition and a still
lovelier blush overspread a charming
face.

"George!" she cried in a joyous tone.
"This is a surprise. When did you
come? But there, sit down."

Now, I know that this was where I
made the fatal error. It was evident
that I had double, and equally evident
that she was mistaking me for him.

I knew I ought to have introduced
her, to have introduced a few words of
apology, and I did not do this. Perhaps it
was my eyes or my mouth or her hair. I
don't know. But, anyway, she drew her
skirts aside, and I sat down.

"What a lovely come so—so sud-
denly!" she asked.

"What?"—then recovering myself—
"Why, you, of course." She blushed
divinely.

"Couldn't you wait for my answer?"
she murmured softly.

"No," I said, "I couldn't."

She turned over the pages of her novel
in distracted fashion. On the fly leaf I
caught sight of some writing—"To
Lucy from George," and the date.

Then a sudden inspiration struck me.
I bent my head close to hers, so close
that a stray feather of her brown hair
brushed my cheek.

"Lucy," I whispered, almost putting
my lips to her shell-like little ear, "what
is your answer?"

She laughed.

"Wouldn't you like to know?" she
said. "I posted the letter this morning."

"In—answer to my letter?" I put
in, taking a step to her.

"Yes, in answer to your letter. And
you'd have had it tonight."

"And as it is I've missed it."

"Yes, you've missed it."

"But you'll tell me what—what you
said?"

She bent her head and, turned with
the fassel of her parasol. She was very
lovely.

"Dear and dumb at intervals."

While talking to some friends in
Wilkesbarre recently, Patrick Hedley
was stricken dead and dumb. He wrote
on a piece of paper: "Do not be alarmed."

This will pass off in three days. I
know what it is. I have had it before.

It seems that Hedley, while in Ireland,
30 years ago, was thrown from a horse.

As a result of injuries received he was
dumb and dumb for three days. Every
four years since then he has had a simi-
lar attack, lasting in each instance three
days. Philadelphia Record.

She—There! How do you like my
smiling?

He—There is certainly a great deal
of feeling in it.

"Thank you."

"As I was about to remark, it gave
me an impression that you were feeling
around for the notes without being aware
of finding them."—Philadelphia Jour-
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How Dickens Wrote.

Stephen Blake presents a most inter-
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Ladies' Home Journal.

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ing my visits Dickens was not at work
upon a novel, but he shut himself in
Fechter's chair from 11 a. m. to 3 p. m.
almost every day. This was another

"I've had a mild hot to—just
tease you," she murmured.
"Do you want to drive me distracted?"
he cried.
A ripple of laughter came from her
roses.
"You see if you don't only wait!"
"But I—I couldn't wait. Long, you
will tell me?"
"Not—not now."
"When?"
"To—tonight perhaps."
"Here?"
"Yes, here."
Then I wondered what it was he had
asked her. It seemed to me that it could
only be one thing, but—Ah, I had it!
"Have you kept my letter?" I asked.
"Kept it?" Oh, George, yes, why? I
kept it, I'm putting it on and to her
dress—let me have a look at it a
moment."
"Let you? Oh, so you want to draw
back, do you? Well, you can if you!"
"My darling!"
"George, forgive me. Of course I
know. There it is."
"I was about to say," I observed as I
looked at the letter, "that I only wanted to see if I
had spelled necessary with—oh, a, or
two."
She opened wide her eyes.
"Necessary?" she said. "Why, there's
no such word in the letter."
"Isn't there?" I murmured. "Let me
see it." I read it, but I don't think it
would be right to let any one else do so.
My theory was correct, however.
"It was wrong," I said, as I returned
it to her. "I didn't use the word."
"I knew you didn't."
There was a pause.
"And—and you don't want to draw
back?"
"Not for worlds," I cried recklessly.
"Draw back indeed?"
"Well, of many things after that.
She told me about her mother, who was
an invalid, it appeared.
"And I shan't be able to come out
this afternoon," she said, "but you'll
come up and see mamma?"
"I hesitated a moment—only a mo-
ment."
"Yes," I said. "But do you know—
it's very funny—but the fact is I've ac-
tually forgotten where you're staying.
The fact is—"
"Oh, you stupid boy! South Parade,
of course."
"Of course, Number?"
"Eleven."
"To be sure."
"Mamma will be so pleased to see
you."
"I shall be pleased to see mamma,"
I responded.
The band had ceased playing now,
and I saw her off the pier—saw her
happily in the distance.
"The afternoon then," she said
brightly as I bade her good morning.
I said yes, but I did not mean it.
No, I had resolved to let the matter go
no further. Up to this point it had sim-
ply been a very innocent joke. But it
should end.

Hang it, you know it wasn't right!
In fact, it was dishonorable. I—well,
then I thought of her answer and what
it was likely to be, and—well, at 4
o'clock I was sitting in the front draw-
ing room at No. 11 sipping tea and
talking to a very charming old lady who
welcomed me as a son.

Lucy accompanied me to the door
when I took my leave.
"What time shall I call for you?" I
asked.
"Seven."
"I shall live in torture till then."
"No, you must live—in hope," she
replied, and then she disappeared.

I was there at 7. She was ready. She
put her arm in mine quite confi-
dently, and we walked down the pier.
Our dinner was vacant, and we sat
down to eat very brightly lit. Lucy
checked her flushed face. It was a mild,
warm twinkle. The sun shined brightly
on the golden sands, and the band play-
ed a dreamy waltz.

"Have you forgotten?" I murmured
as I took her hand.
"Forgotten?"
"Yes, indeed."
She was silent.

"Lucy, what is it? Speak! This—this
suspense is killing me."
I think I did it pretty well. There
was a decided thrill of genuine passion
in my voice.

The fact is, I believe I loved her.
It's—it's a word of three let-
ters, "I love you."
"Of three?"
"Of three, my dear!"

This was after—the band had
played three waltzes and two descriptive
pieces, and it was time to go home.
I saw her home, of course, and we
fingered at the gate another half hour.
"I may tell mamma?" she whispered
after she was alone.

"Yes, do," I said.
After all, what did it matter?
Then I suddenly felt the pressure of
her lips to mine, and the next moment
she had vanished. And as I walked
back to my hotel, smoking a cigarette,
I thought what a pleasant evening I had
spent.

And I never saw her again. I should
have met her on the pier the next morn-
ing, but I did not do so. I don't think
I say "I don't think" should have
done so in any case, but the real reason
why I didn't was this:

As I came down the next morning I
met a gentleman on the stairs who was
so shy as to be that we might have been
him—St. Paul's.

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noticed the mention of any one who would
plant a single clove bush or gather or
sell a pound of the product. Expeditions
were sent from their office several times
every year to cut down any such
bushes that might have accidentally
started in the Moluccas islands. This
barbarous policy made the islands a
desert, for, deprived of their forests, the
volcanic soil was washed away, and the
population starved or was deported.

Early Days of Coffee.

It is recorded in "New Views of
London," published in 1708, that "one
James Fair, a barber, who kept the
house, which is now the Rainbow," by
the Inner Temple gate, one of the oldest
in England, was in the year 1687 pro-
tected by the request of St. Dunstan's
for making and selling a sort of liquor
called coffee, to the great nuisance and
prejudice of the neighborhood. And
who could the author could then have
thought London would ever have 3,000
houses and that coffee would be the
first quality and physicians?"

They Burned Cloves.

From the middle of the sixteenth cen-
tury until 1824 the Dutch regulated or
sought to regulate the clove trade, and
the price of annually destroying a por-
tion of the crop in order to enhance the
price of the remainder. The burning of
cloves took place annually, from a quar-
ter to a half of the crop being thus de-
stroyed. The last clove burning was in
1824, when the practice was discontinued.

Alfonso V of Aragon and Naples was
entitled the Magnanimous because on
more than one occasion he released pris-
oners taken in war instead of putting
them to death or holding them for a ransom.

The department of agriculture esti-
mates that the cost of sowing an acre
of wheat in Alabama is 90 cents, and
from this amount the figure diminishes
in other states to 24 cents in Iowa.

A True American.

Enthusiastic Briton (to seedy Ameri-
can, who has been running down all our
national monuments)—But even if our
houses of parliament burnt in it, as
you say, with the Masonic temple of
Chicago, surely, sir, you will admit the
Thames embankment, for instance.
Seedy American—Well, guess I don't
think so durned much of your Thames
embankment neither. It rained all the
blasted night the night I slept on it.—
Buffalo Enquirer.

In Chicago.

The reception at the home of a re-
cently married Chicago couple was pro-
gressing smoothly when the wife, who
was circulating among the guests, heard
a call of "Oh, Alice!" from her hus-
band.

"What is it, dearie?" said she.
"Johnson and I want you to settle a
bet for us. Am I your fourth or fifth
husband?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Political Pointer.

Bragley, Restaurant waiters would
make strong candidates if they were in
politics. Don't you think so?

Wigway—I don't see how.
Bragley—Haven't you noticed that
they carry everything before them?

In summer time when the new moon
rises between 2 and 3 a. m. the proba-
bility is for cooler weather, with show-
ers.

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